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VOL. 42—No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

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MR. SIMS REEVES will sing BLUMENTHAL's celebrated Song, "THE MESSAGE," at the St. George's Rifle Band Concert, in the St. James's Hall, Tuesday Evening, January 5th.

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DEATH OF MR. THACKERAY.

SUDDENLY one of our greatest literary men has departed. Never more shall the fine head of Mr. Thackeray, with its mass of silvery hair, be seen towering among us. It was but two days ago, that he might be met with at his club, radiant and buoyant with glee. On Thursday morning he was found dead in his bed. With all his high spirits he did not seem well; he complained of illness; but he was often ill, and laughed off his present attack. He said he was about to undergo some treatment which would work a perfect cure in his system; and so made light of his malady. He was suffering from two distinct complaints, one of which has now wrought his death. More than a dozen years ago, while engaged on *Pendennis*, the publication of that work was arrested by serious illness. Brought to death's door, Mr. Thackeray was saved from death by Dr. Elliottson, to whom, in gratitude, he dedicated the novel when finished. But since that ailment he has been subject every month of six weeks to attacks of sickness, attended with violent retching. Congratulating himself the other day on the failure of his old enemy to return, he stopped short, as if he ought not to be too sure of a release. On Wednesday morning the complaint reappeared, and he was in great suffering all day. He was no better in the evening, and his servant, about leaving for the night, proposed to sit up with him. This Mr. Thackeray declined. He was heard moving about midnight, and must have died between two and three in the morning of Thursday. His medical attendants attribute death to effusion on the brain. They add that he had a very large brain, weighing no less than 58½ oz. Thus he died of the complaint which seemed to trouble him least. He died full of strength and rejoicing, full of plans and hopes. On Monday last he was speaking with satisfaction of having finished four numbers of a new novel. He had the manuscript in his pocket, and with boyish frankness showed the last pages to a friend, asking him to read them and see what he could make of them. When four numbers more were completed, he said, he would subject himself to the skill of a very clever surgeon, and be no more an invalid. In the fulness of his powers he has fallen before a malady which gave him no alarm.

The prominent incidents of a literary man's life are not numerous; and so many memoirs of Mr. Thackeray have been published in biographical dictionaries and other works, that we need not have recourse to much detail in recording dates. He belonged to a Yorkshire family, and was descended from that Dr. Thackeray who, for some time Head Master at Harrow, was the first to introduce the Etonian system. His father—in the Civil Service of the East India Company—was born at Calcutta in 1811. Mr. Thackeray himself was educated at the Charterhouse, which he loved to describe in his novels. Thence he went to Cambridge, but left the University without taking a degree, and repaired to the Continent with a view of studying art. He might in those days be seen at Rome, Weimar, and Paris, enjoying every kind of society, but chiefly that of artists. He has described this sort of life abundantly in his tales. It was some years after that he turned his attention to literature. He had begun life with what might be considered a good fortune, but losing his money he was obliged to work. He began as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, in the days when Maginn was its ruling spirit, and, under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, wrote scores of essays, reviews, tales, sketches, poems, of unequal merit, which brought him little renown and not much emolument. He contributed to other periodicals, wrote various books of travel, and worked for publishers—any that came to him, as a barrister takes his brief from any respectable attorney. The mass of work which he got through in this way was very great, but much of it is chiefly interesting as the early practice of one who before long rose to be a master of English. The very high opinion which his friends entertained of him must have been due more to personal intercourse than to his published works. It was not until 1846 that Mr. Thackeray fairly showed the world what was in him. Then began to be published, in monthly numbers, the story of *Vanity Fair*. It took London by surprise—the picture was so true, the satire so trenchant, the style so finished. It is difficult to say which of his three great works is best—*Vanity Fair*, *Henry Esmond*, or *The Newcomes*. Men of letters may give their preference to the second of these, which is indeed the most finished of all his writings. But there is a vigour in the first-named, and a matured beauty in the last, which to the throng of readers will be more attractive. At first reading, *Vanity Fair* has given too many the impression that its author is cynical. There was no man less ill-natured than Mr. Thackeray, and, if anybody doubts this, we may point to *The Newcomes*, and ask whether that book could have been written by a cynic. One of the greatest miseries Mr. Thackeray had

to endure grew out of the sense that he, one of the kindest of men, was regarded in this light.

He produced many works besides those we have mentioned, and among them, perhaps, *Pendennis* ought to be cited as standing on a nearly equal level. Some of his minor works are perfect in their way. There is, moreover, a prose tale—*Barry Lyndon*,—which ardent lovers of Thackeray's writing regard as his master-piece. We have mentioned enough, however, to justify the opinion that no modern English novelist ranks higher than William Makepeace Thackeray. As studies of human nature, and as specimens of pure idiomatic English, nothing better has been written than that which we have under his name. There is rich humour, too, in his writing; and, for play of fancy what can be better than his poems? They are, indeed, among the cleverest things in the language. Highly polished as was his style, he composed, at least in his latter days, with infinite ease. He wrote like print, and made very few corrections. What he had to say came naturally; he never made an effort in writing; and rather despised writing which is the result of effort. This naturalness he carried into daily life. He had in him the simplicity of the child with the experience of the man. It was curious to see how warmly his friends loved, and how fervently his enemies hated him. The hate which he excited among those who but half knew him will soon be forgotten; the warmth of affection by which he was endeared to many friends will long be remembered. He had foibles, and so have we all. Some of these, such as sensitiveness to criticism, always excited the good-humoured mirth of his friends. But his foibles were as nothing beside the true greatness and goodness of the man. It was impossible to be long with Thackeray without noting his truthfulness, his gentleness, his humility, his sympathy with all suffering, his tender sense of honour; and one felt these moral qualities all the more on coming to know how clear was his insight into human nature, how wide his experience of life, how large his acquaintance with books, how well he had thought upon all he had seen, and how clearly and gracefully he expressed himself. A man in all the qualities of intellect, he was a child in all the qualities of heart; and when his life comes to be laid before the public in a biography, whatever intellectual rank may be assigned to him, no man of letters with anything like the same power of mind will be regarded as nobler, purer, better, kinder than he.—*Times*, Dec. 25, 1863.

THE FUNERAL.

On Wednesday at noon Mr. Thackeray was buried in the cemetery of Kensal-green. The day was so fine that, notwithstanding the distance from town, a vast concourse of his friends were enabled to surround his grave, and to pay him the last honor. Many hundreds must have been present of almost every rank and class. Mr. Thackeray had the gift of associating with a wonderful variety of persons; to be in his company was in the case of most persons to be entirely at ease with him; and it was impossible not to pass from easy intercourse to affection and regard. Among the great throng of mourners were noticeable nearly all the foremost men of letters and artists of the day, some of them having travelled far to be present on the sad occasion. It may be enough to state this in general terms, and we forbear to mention names, because in so large and promiscuous a crowd in which there were no signs of arrangement or precedence it is difficult not to overlook some eminent men who might be entitled to mention. Only a very few of Mr. Thackeray's most intimate friends were expressly invited to the funeral. The hundreds on hundreds who attended came of their own accord to bear witness to the worth of a dear friend and a much admired man; and of all these we venture to refer to but one name—that of Mr. Charles Dickens. We do so because he is the author most frequently remembered in connexion with Mr. Thackeray, and because he has sometimes been regarded as a rival. In point of fact, there can be no rivalry between these two great novelists, and any special comparison between them must proceed on superficial grounds. No one had a greater admiration for Mr. Dickens than Mr. Thackeray himself, or more unaffectedly rejoiced in his exceeding popularity. On the other hand, to no one could all thought of rivalry with Mr. Thackeray be more distasteful than to Mr. Dickens, who always recognized Thackeray's genius, and came a long journey to testify to the love and the esteem which he felt for his great literary brother.

For one so distinguished it has been suggested that Westminster Abbey is the only fit resting-place. It must be remembered however, that Mr. Thackeray desired to be interred in the simplest manner at Kensal-green. He has been laid in a brick-built grave beside one of his children; and his family affections were so strong

that we believe it would have been a positive pain to him if, when he was alive, he could have looked forward to being separated from his children in the tomb. Those who were nearest to him, and whom he loved best of all in the world, were so much in his mind that even in the presence of casual acquaintances whom he saw only at one or other of his clubs he could not choose but let out somewhat of the strong feeling which stirred within his heart for those who were as the light of his eyes. It was one of the simplest and most winning traits of his character; and by those who could not help knowing what he felt in this way no more touching sight could be witnessed than that of his two young daughters, veiled in crape, advancing from the crowd that pressed about the grave, taking a last sad look at the coffin, and then suddenly turning away. These are reasons why Mr. Thackeray should be buried in his own ground at Kensal-green. Mr. Thackeray had a rarer distinction than that of being a great writer; he was a classical one. He is the greatest master of English prose which the century has produced. There may have been men of greater genius; there may have been more forcible writers; but no one has approached him in the command of polished idiomatic English in all its varieties—in flexibility, in richness, and in finish of style. At first this was not fully understood; but now it is seen more and more clearly every year; and Thackeray's English, notwithstanding the liberties which he sometimes took with it, is coming to be regarded as the model English. We may say of him, as Johnson said of another, the most classical writer of the last century, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Thackeray." Such a man, who is something more, something rarer than a great writer, surely deserves a niche in Westminster Abbey. But, in the darkness which for us and all who knew him overshadows this festive season, it is not of the great author and the brilliant wit that we think most; it is of the warm-hearted, simple-minded gentleman, honest in all his ways, transparent in all his works, full of charity in his utmost satire, and ready to give even when he had little to spare.—*Times*, Dec. 31, 1863.

JOSEPH MAYSEDER.*

One of the last of those veterans of Art, who, by their musical performances graced the first half of the present century at Vienna—a favorite of several generations—departed this life, on the 21st of November last, at the ripe age of 74, after a short illness. His name belongs to the history of Art in our imperial city, and will never fade from the memory of his numerous admirers and friends. One of the latter ventures in the following lines to describe, from authentic sources, the leading features of the deceased artist's simple life.

Joseph Mayseder was born at Vienna, on the 26th October, 1789, in the house known as the Eagle, in the Wieden, where his father, an academical painter, in narrow circumstances, resided. While yet a boy, Mayseder exhibited a great love of music, and, when playing in the courtyard of his father's house, used frequently to amuse himself (as Joseph Haydn once did) by imitating, with little sticks, a person performing on the violin. A professor, who lived in the same house, remarked the boy's fondness for this pastime, and made him a present of a violin. Mayseder soon learned how to extract from it regular tones, and his patron was induced to speak to the father and prevail on him to have the boy properly taught. Mayseder began, in consequence, to take lessons as far back as July, 1797, from a Herr Suche (probably Joseph Suche, director of the orchestra at the Theater auf der Wieden). He made, however, such rapid progress on the violin, that, as early as about the end of 1798, Suche declared he could teach him nothing more. Wranitzky (probably Anton Wranitzky) now undertook to instruct him farther, and did so for several years.

* The Vienna *Recessions* has the following:—"Immediately after Mayseder's death, we published a short sketch of his personal character and peculiar talent; we now present our readers with a biographical notice, which, at our request, an honored colleague has drawn up, and which may be implicitly relied on. Certain differences, in the two articles, regarding the judgment pronounced on the man and the artist, arise very naturally from their partially different tendency: in the present instance the writer giving us a general appreciation of an artistic individuality, and, in the former, attempting to describe its specific significance."

It was not until a subsequent period that Ignatius Schuppanzigh took the youth, then far advanced, as a pupil, introducing him into some families of note, and employing his talent both in the then very popular Morning Concerts at the Augarten, and in his own Quartet performances, where Mayseder played the second violin.—On the 24th July, 1800, Mayseder made his first public appearance as a soloist, when he executed in the Rooms of the Augarten a violin concerto with brilliant success. He gave also similar performances there on the 11th June, and the 8th and 27th August, 1801.—His reputation spread fast, and, as far back as the 17th October, 1802, he was allowed to play a solo at a concert given by the Empress Maria Theresa at Laxenburg. On the 26th December, 1803, he took part in the great Redoutensaal, for the first time, in one of the concerts got up annually in aid of the funds of the Bürger Hospital. For a long series of years, he continued most willingly to give his services to the concerts, and others of a similarly charitable nature.

In 1802, he took lessons of Emmanuel Förster in pianoforte-playing and composition, and, as we learn from a letter of his patron Zmeskall, was at that time so far advanced as to be capable of studying and performing Seb. Bach's fugues. We have before us a testimonial dating from 1805, and drawn up by Joseph Haydn, Salieri, Weigl, Eybler, Kozeluch, Albrechtsberger, and the Court musical Count, Count Kufstein, in which, to obtain his exemption from military service, it is stated that young Joseph Mayseder has made such wonderful progress—surpassing all that could be expected from any one of his age—upon the violin, that he is to be placed in the class of first-rate virtuosos, and, on this account, deserves every possible support. Among those who quickly appreciated and fostered his talent was, also, the art-loving Prince Joseph Lobkowitz.

In 1810, Mayseder was appointed concert and solo player at the Imperial Theatres, and, in 1816, violinist in the Imperial Private Band. Thenceforward he took part regularly in the Chamber concerts at the Imperial Court, and, in 1835, was appointed Imperial Chamber-virtuoso. The following year, he was promoted to the post of director of the first violin in the Imperial Private Band. For many years, too, he was a member of the Imperial choir of St. Stephen's. The municipality of the Imperial capital, in recognition of his professional merit generally, and of his frequent co-operation in the concerts for the benefit of the Bürger Hospital, presented him with the large golden Salvator Medal (1811), and the honorary freedom of the city (1817). Finally, he received, in 1862, from the Emperor, the Knight's cross of the Francis-Joseph Order. The Society of the Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire created him an honorary member, and several other societies and associations bestowed upon him a similar mark of distinction.

We will now return to Mayseder's professional career. Even at a most early period of his life he deservedly gained the reputation of an eminent violin virtuoso. While, in the first place, unusual *bravura*, combined with the greatest purity and elegance, and admirable bowing united to beautiful tone and feeling expression, secured him the unanimous approbation of the masses, he was even more highly appreciated when, in the presence of connoisseurs, he executed works of a more elevated style with that sacred fire and devotion which distinguish the true artist from the mere virtuoso. Obligated, from youth upwards, to depend upon himself for a livelihood, he gave, for a long time, numerously attended annual concerts, at first by himself, but, afterwards, generally in conjunction with other distinguished artists, in the Augarten Rooms, and then in the Redouten Rooms, the Landhaus, and the Opera-house. During the Carnival season of 1815, he got up, at the residence of Herr Rohrer, a merchant, four Soirées Musicales with Hummel and Giuliani (the so-called "Duet Concerts") for a select circle of auditors. After Hummel accepted an appointment at Stuttgart (1816), Moscheles took his place (1818) in the triumvirate. Subsequently, (the last occasion being the 12th April, 1837) Mayseder gave concerts with Joseph Merk. A short time afterwards, he withdrew altogether from concert life, and the public were able to enjoy the pleasure of hearing his charming play only in operatic and ballet solos.

But Mayseder devoted himself far more to quartet-playing than to solo playing. He had an especial partiality for the former, and continued to indulge in it, with lively zeal and undiminished power,

up to the last days of his existence. Of the lovers of art who succeeded in securing him for their Quartet Evenings, we will here mention only the principal. As far back as 1802, the Hungarian Imperial Secretary, Nicholas Zmeskall von Domanovecz, having an appointment in Presburg, exerted himself very actively both by advice and otherwise for Mayseder, then a boy. When, some years later, he was promoted to Vienna, he used regularly to have quartet evenings, at the head of which was Mayseder. The latter there became more intimately acquainted with Beethoven, in whose quartets he always played to the great satisfaction of the master, who, moreover, invited Mayseder to take part in a concert given by him on the 2nd December, 1808. An autograph letter, still in existence, of Beethoven's, contains the composer's grateful recognition of Mayseder's services on the occasion. At the house, too, of Herr Vincenz Neuling, a pupil of Mayseder's, there were admirable quartet evenings for several winters (from about 1817 to 1822), and similar ones, during the same time, in the house of Herr Rohrer. Soon afterwards, the Imperial Army agent, Dembischer, began his quartet gatherings, which were continued to 1837. But Mayseder's play was exhibited most brilliantly at the Quartet Evenings of the Princess Czartoryski, from the summer of 1843 to the month of May, 1856, with the co-operation of Herren Durst, Streibinger, Dabychal, and Borzaga. After that date, Mayseder was to be heard only by a select circle at the house of his pupil and son-in-law, Herr Köchert, and at that of his very old friend the Superior Councillor of Finance, Baron Franz von Heintl, where the last sounds of his violin re-echoed a few days previous to his decease. The vigour and beauty of his tone; the deep and expressive feeling which marked his rendering of the adagio; the delicacy of his staccato; and the elegance and bravura with which he executed the most difficult passages, did not desert Mayseder even in extreme old age, while he still retained unusual facility and certainty in reading new compositions at sight. In earlier times, he surpassed nearly all his contemporaries in rendering his own concert and drawing-room pieces. Of quartets, those of Haydn and Mozart possessed the strongest charm for him. He played them with unsurpassing excellence. But he penetrated victoriously, also, the more profound spirit of Beethoven, and executed this master's first eleven quartets most admirably. When Beethoven's later quartets (from Op. 127) began to appear, he was one of the first to study them diligently, and endeavor to render them popular among connoisseurs. The public, however, were not then sufficiently advanced to understand them. Beethoven's duets and trios also, with pianoforte, afforded Mayseder an opportunity of playing in his best style; the Kreutzer Sonata especially he performed with over-powering spirit. He was fond, also, of performing the compositions of Spohr and Onslow, and, more recently, those of Mendelssohn, whom he esteemed very much, as he did moreover, but only partially, Schumann. He was, on the other hand, a determined opponent of the Music of the Future, and could never bring himself to appreciate Herr Richard Wagner.

Of the compositions Mayseder wrote, principally for playing himself, 63 have been engraved. They are 3 Violin Concertos; 2 Concertinos; 6 Polonaises; 4 Rondeaux; 20 books of Variations, partly with orchestral accompaniment, partly with the piano *concertante*; 7 Stringed Quartets; 3 Quintets; 4 Pianoforte Trios; 3 Sonatas; 3 Divertissements; and 1 Fantasia for Pianoforte and Violin; 1 Trio for Violin, Harp, and Horn; 2 Potpourris; a volume of Studies for One Violin, and 3 Duets for Two Violins. Although many of these works, which on their publication were received with the warmest approbation, have, in consequence of a change in public taste, been laid on one side, many of them, on the other hand, will long be worthy of recommendation as profitable studies. Among them, moreover, there are several which may lay claim to lasting artistic value, such especially as the Fifth Stringed Quartet and the Second Quintet. Besides his published compositions he left among his posthumous papers, not merely some early efforts, comprising a Concert Overture, frequently performed; but, old as he was, he always busied himself in this branch of his art, and Eighth Quartet (in B minor), as well as the two Quintets (the fourth in E flat and the fifth in E minor), the last of which was finished scarcely a year before his decease, and performed by himself at Heintl's, afford proof of the grey-headed artist's undiminished mental power and imagination. His Grand Mass in E flat, too, will be a lasting monument to him. He com-

posed it in 1846 for the Imperial Private Band. Its noble and severe style, elevating and yet graceful, breathes a spirit of real devotion, and proves indisputably that its writer was not merely a virtuoso, but, at the same time, an artist in the true sense of the term.

Obedying the force of circumstances, Mayseder began, at a very early period, to give violin lessons. As his fame as a virtuoso increased, so did, also, the number of pupils who flocked to him. Many of the applicants he was obliged to refuse from want of leisure. The violin was much more sedulously cultivated by amateurs then than now, and it was to them that the majority of his pupils belonged. Many obtained great proficiency. Among his professional pupils, we may mention Braum, Panofka, Hufner, Wolff, and Trombini.

Directly Mayseder was in a position to purchase a superior instrument he succeeded in becoming the possessor of a very good one by Joseph Guarnerius. Subsequently, through the aid of Herr Rzehazek, the well-known instrument collector, he met with a violin by Zanolli, which was preferable to the former one in strength and beauty of tone. On this he played to the end of his existence.

Mayseder's private life was a happy but simple one. His talent soon enabled him to achieve an independent position free from care, and not only to support his parents, but to lay up something for his old age. Unpretending and joyous, but swayed by a love of order and propriety, he fortunately escaped the usual dangers of an artistic life, and kept aloof from all excesses. It is much to be regretted that his bashfulness, or as we ought almost to call it, his timidity, prevented his making any professional tours, which would, no doubt, have been productive both of honour and pecuniary advantage, besides imparting an additional impulse to his efforts. On one occasion only, in the year 1820, he was prevailed upon by his pupil, Vincenz Neuling, to accompany him to Paris. Mayseder could not, however, make up his mind to give a public concert there, but played only in two private houses, namely at Baron Braun's, and Rudolph Kreutzer's, Baillet, Viotti, Kreutzer, Cherubini, Habeneck, Lafont, Baudiat, Mazas, Talbecque, and other artists of the first rank, were among his auditors, and all testified their most hearty appreciation, both of his playing and of the compositions he selected. He performed his Fifth and his Sixth Quartet, the Concerto in A, and variations. On the 13th April, 1825, he married Madlle. Caroline Tiller, who survives him. For a long series of years she cheered his life and bore him two daughters, who were happily married and made him the grandfather of six grandchildren. Industry and regularity enabled him to live in good style; as well as to assist his children, and yet amass no inconsiderable fortune. He leaves his family a house, advantageously situate in the inner town, where he himself long resided. He enjoyed good health, never clouded by serious illness, and was still so robust a man in his 74th year, that his friends were justified in hoping that a long career of activity lay yet before him. From this happy state of things he was summoned with unexpected suddenness. He accidentally caught a cold, which was followed by inflammation of the lungs. On the 16th November he was compelled to take to his bed. In a few days the most serious danger appeared to be past, but general weakness, with unconsciousness and delirium, set in. In this condition, at the last (as in his childhood) he imitated the action of a person playing the violin. At mid-day on the 21st November, he painlessly expired in the arms of his family. He was followed to the grave, on the 24th November, by a great number of his professional contemporaries, friends and admirers, while the most deep regret accompanied him to his last resting-place.

Thus has one of the artists of old Vienna passed away; one of those characters which our own times hardly ever produce; a man of harmless, simple mind; an artist who did great things without arrogance or self-glorification, without envy or scheming; an honest citizen and an excellent father; a man, in short, of whom we may assert: He had not an enemy.

WEIMAR.—According to report, Herr Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* is to be produced shortly at the Ducal Theatre, in obedience to the express order of the Duke himself.

EMS.—About the end of last summer, De Beriot sold, for 55,000 francs, the villa he purchased between five and six years ago. It appears that he is now almost blind, and will not again make this place his summer residence.

THE NEW ORGAN AT BOSTON.

CHAPTER 1ST.

SIN,—Six solid months of labor,—carpenters, riggers, painters, carvers, gas men, busily and pleasantly co-operating with Herr organ-builder, Walker Junior and his four men from Württemberg,—have slowly, thoroughly and surely, under the patient inspiration of a perfect plan, such as admits of nothing slighted, nothing less but rather all more than it seems, thus lifting the details of handicraft up to a dignity of ideal Art, at length put together, in all the wonderful complexity of the internal mechanizing and speaking parts, this latest masterpiece of organ-building skill, and housed them in with unique and becoming architectural grandeur. There stands the work, a structure so imposing, so full of matter to be studied out, of various meaning to be felt in various moods, and much only in the deepest mood, that it already looks as if it belonged to the ages, as if it had grown up with the whole history of Music and of Man. And six months, after all, was not so very long a time for putting permanently in its place (besides almost preparing the place for it) a work which had already cost full seven years, a good Sabbatical period, in the conception and construction of its innumerable parts. Whoever saw the vast, bewildering chaos in that Hall, after this strange freight of the Dutch bark was unpacked there, filling door and corridors, while scaffolding and staging ran like spider webs all over walls and ceiling;—and afterwards, when the organ proper, the internal works, had grown together so far as to require the body to be built round all that it was and was to be, the farther and still stranger chaos of massive columns, arches, capitals, gigantic figures, human and semi-human, cherubs, muses, ornamental carvings of all kinds, that seemed to multiply as they were brought to light, like the loaves and fishes, and as if there were many times too many of them to find room in any possible structure that should fill the whole end of the Hall,—whoever had seen this could not but feel oppressed with a certain nervous fear that order and completeness never could come safely out of it. But “now Chaos ends, and Order fair prevails.” “Now”—presently, first Monday of next month—“the first of days appears.”

But there is still much to be done before the night of the Inauguration. Only by strong will and great exertions can the mighty instrument be got ready to speak to us with all its voices at the early date which the heroic faith of builders and Directors has appointed. The delicate and patient work of tuning goes on, and must for weeks go on, all day long and far into the nights; from five to six thousand pipes are not to be taught their true pitch in a hurry. It can and will be done, however, if no accident occurs, and now all things appear to work together to that speedy consummation. The persevering, earnest work, the continual looking of difficulties in the face and grappling with them till they yielded, has brought the thing to that rewarding point where providential solutions of problem after problem are continually appearing in happy and unlooked for ways, where little mountains lift themselves aside, and hopeless blanks are filled by inspirations; when the right thought, the right word, the right man, the muse herself, comes at the right time, though not perhaps a moment sooner; and so there is a safe, a right artistic sort of feeling that all will go through, better even than we know how to desire. The night accordingly is fixed; the seats arranged and numbered; the invitation has gone out; thousands will respond to it, and eagerly pay the unusual, although really small price for the unique occasion, thereby adding their mite each to the Organ Fund, which, liberal as it was, must long ere this have shrunk within the measure of the requirements of so costly and so grand a work of Art, a work to stand for culture and for inspiration to this people. The programme, too, has shaped itself out of the elements and after the idea, essentially, in a former article suggested; that is, the music, wholly of the Organ, will be significant of the occasion, representative of the great organ composers, with Bach at their head, and suggestive of future uses of the instrument; but of the details we may not yet speak. And providentially again, even the *Ode*, a task from which more than one poet, with too little faith, had turned away reluctantly, has come of itself, mysteriously, anonymously, a most happy inspiration (they say, who have read it), due only, until we know more, to the Organ; and Miss Charlotte Cushman cheerfully consents to come here and recite it. Thus nothing will be wanting.

All this is suddenly so near at hand, that I must now commence the task, however impossible it seems, of giving your readers some detailed description of the Organ, both of its outside and its contents, both as it looks and as it works and sounds. The difficulty of all description has not grown less, but has kept fatally increasing as we have become more and more nearly acquainted with the instrument. Studying it part by part and watching the putting of the parts together, step by step, as the great thing grew and became a wondrous whole, was very interesting, to be sure,—almost as good as going to the mountains—and fraught with much instruction to oneself; but one may be so full of a thing, that telling of it becomes too formidable a task; and this

is just now our case. Given the problem to describe a world, how would you set about it? And even if we limit a question to the world as it is to you, your world, you will not find it easier. But, hit or miss, we will begin and get through the best way we can, without much choosing of the way, for there is no knowing by what labyrinthine windings, doublings, crossings and digressions such a theme may lead us.

It is perhaps best, however, to begin where all begin who stand for the first time before the completed organ; try to describe it as it looks, and go behind the curtain afterwards. We take our stand, we will suppose, in the upper balcony near the Apollo, and confront the organ. We see what we have been accustomed to hear called, in our familiarity with smaller instruments, the “case” of the organ. But this is not one of those cases. An instrument which in itself combines some 80 or 90 instruments (stops, registers), through all their compass, with nearly 6000 pipes or voices, with all the mechanism for reaching, breathing through and sounding each or all of these at will, for blending them in chords, combining them in larger groups and choirs, contrasting them in pitch, in characteristic quality or tone-color, and in power, for bidding each stop sing with individual expression, for weaving many parts in fugue-like webs of harmony; with its innumerable nicely adjusted little valves, those exact and noiseless little ushers at the door of each pipe to admit the wind, such only as has right of entrance; with its miles of nerves or cords of motion (“trackers”), which, branching off in groups in all directions, crossing each other like net work, turning many corners, to all parts of the instrument, impart the action from the finger on the keyboard to the little usher at the foot of every pipe; with its apparatus for collecting and condensing the wind in a vast reservoir, the airy basis of the whole tuneful fabric, and pouring it through trunks and channels toward all the wind-chests, through whose delicate and curious little chambers it is distributed, not in equal, but in just, in carefully proportioned *ratios*, to the throat of every tiniest or most monstrous singer; with all its curious contrivances for lightening the touch, swelling and diminishing the sound, rolling up a mountainous *Crescendo* of stop upon stop from a single, softest one to the full force of them all, &c., &c.,—such an instrument is not to be put into a case, but, being built up in the grand proportions of a temple, it has its house built around it. The Germans call it *Orgel-gehäuse*, organ house, or housing. In a noble instance, like the present, where an artistic inspiration, a unity of idea, a sense of vital correspondence of the inward with the outward presides over and pervades all, the house, or outward temple, seems rather to have grown up with that which it both hides and reveals, to have arisen in its symmetry and grandeur to the music, heard by a fine inner sense, of the organ soul. Nor does the term *house* do sufficient justice to the beautiful design before us; it is in some sense the *body* of the Organ, the outward visible embodiments of its interiors;—not to be sure, like the animal or human body, itself composed of *organs*, but the body of the *idea* of the Organ, the shadowing forth, by correspondence, of its co-working inner parts and uses, the typifying of all its history and prophecy, as Music itself typifies the whole course and prophecy, of Life.—But I have wandered away, I have got lost in the Organ. I come back to our friend in the balcony, and once more begin.

It is our first look: what do we see? Or what do we feel? For a few moments, it is hard to distinguish what we see from what we feel, the cause from the emotion (or, in philosophic lingo, object from subject), just as to the new-born babe, or to couched eyes, all objects press upon the retina. What every one has felt on entering the Hall, undoubtedly we feel; a strange shock of surprise and wonder, mingled with a certain awe, at the massive grandeur, the great width and height, the boldness, the sombre shadowiness and glimmering brightness, mingled with an instantaneous sense of the symmetry, and a vague comprehension of the richness in detail, of something nearly filling the whole stage end of the Hall and completely filling us. We are at mid-height of it—of the main mass, though parts soar higher. All of it above us shines with a pure, liquid silvery sheen, while all below frowns dark and massive, yet with shapes of beauty, faces gracious, stern or grotesque, glimpsing through the shades; a contrast and a complement like rugged shore and shining water, or like the world still in arms of Night as day dawns, and Day triumphant shining onward from above. It tempts out all our faculties to search the whole front over, to read the parts and phases of a whole so quickening and commanding, to analyze it and then recombine it mentally, until we see all the details virtually in the whole, as clearly as when each arrested the eye singly. But first we note the materials of the great contrast; the lower half, in shadow, is in carved black walnut, massive, sombre, bold, exaggerated (in strict truth to nature) in some features, fixed, strong, Atlas-like and bent in slavery; the silvery sheen above is that of organ pipes, great, splendid ones, of burnished pure tin, grouped in towers, or ranged in gleaming fields, upheld at the sides at intervals by springing shafts and pilasters clipped round above by a floating ribband outline (all of black walnut), that undulates across the whole upper front, while domes and

figures, shooting upward almost to the ceiling, crown the towers: all graceful, airy, light, free, winged, heavenward.

Now, if you ask the size of the great structure, it is about 50 feet in width. In depth the two projecting central towers come forward 18 feet upon the stage, the wings falling back towards two smaller end towers, making an average depth of 12 feet; but furthermore, the recess behind the stage, which held the old organ and had room to spare, is also filled by the great wind works and the Swell department of the Organ, an area full 10 feet square. In height, from the platform to the summits of the towers, it measures 60 feet, while wind works and their machinery behind go far below the platform. (The full height of the Hall, from floor to ceiling, is 65 feet, its full width 78, and its length 130). The weight of the Organ is from 60 to 70 tons.

Now to understand the symmetry, the bold beauty, the fascination of the front, we must begin to note its general form and outline, the distribution of the parts, the balance and relation of the masses. We know no architectural technicalities, and know no art, no best way or order to present in words an image of what must be seen all at once, at least in picture, to be comprehended; but we may suggest things which will lead some to go and see for themselves. What stands out boldest, what strikes first, are two great towers each side of the centre, guarding the arched recess, within which gleam the white rows of the key-boards, and the bright knobs of the draw-stops, and where sits the organist—grandly sheltered and encompassed, grandly overlooked, as we shall see—will he not approach his task with noble pride and reverence! In the fore-front of the base of each tower, a colossal caryatid, a very Hercules in figure, with immense arms and swelling muscles, monstrous, Michel-Angelesque, exaggerated and yet true, uplifted, with the huge full-veined hands crossed over his old head bent, with earnest, groaning face, beneath the weight of the heavy cornice, on which rest, with tapering feet, the smooth shining columns of three giant pipes, belonging to the 32 feet sub-bass, and measuring from 16 to 18 inches in diameter. The two old giants differ only in the particular, that one has both hands under the folds of drapery that fall back from his head, while the other has one hand out. The horizontal line of their enormous elbows, boldly projecting, seems to put great heavy, one might say, Websterian eyebrows upon the Olympian front of the whole work, marking it with might and grandeur. This personal giant, Hercules, or Atlas (he reminds one of Schubert's song to Heine's words: "*Ich unglückseliger Atlas!*" Ah me, unfortunate Atlas! groaning under the weight of the whole world), is flanked on either corner by a caryatid with a lion's head, emblem also of strength, whose protruded breasts and dwindling *herma* figure downwards give to the whole base the outline of an immense lyre. From these giant bases of the two towers the dark lower front falls back with graceful curve, on each side, to a straight line and completes its width with two female caryatides, of the old classic or Egyptian style, which, flanked each pair by another looking off in profile from the end, form, the support of a lighter end tower, of charming Campanile form, square and slender, formed by graceful, richly carved pilasters with Corinthian capitals, each sustaining two great shining pipes, one in front and one on the side or end. The faces of these six caryatid women are grandly Sybilline and bold, somewhat exaggerated (purposely) like all the emblems of the shadowy lower part. If you look closely, you will find that the "sisters three" at one end (to your left), are bitter cold and stern, "stony-eyed Fates," as our friend well has called; while the other three have smiling, gracious, almost playful witty faces. This may have been merely meant for quaintness and for contrast. But we may think of them as relentless Fates, and as appeased Eumenides, according to the old poetic mythology. When you go inside of the work you will discern a correspondence; the pipes of the "Great" organs the more earnest part, are planted at the end where the stern one, keep watch, while at the other end the "Solo" organ, with its seductive fancy stops, resides.

The intervals between the towers are marked off into rich panels, filled with bas-reliefs of most elaborate carving, each of exquisite design and execution. They are mostly groups of musical instruments, masks, laurel wreaths, &c., depending from a lion's mouth overhead to almost your feet, as you stand before them, no two groups alike, and every instrument studied out and reproduced in all its individuality. At middle height in each group is enlaid a tablet of black marble, bearing in gold letters the name of some great composer. Eight of these representative great names appear upon the front; in the central recess, each side of the organist, the names of Palestrina and Orlando Lasso; outside of the great towers those of Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Cherubini. Bach and Beethoven speak for themselves bodily. The former, in a noble portrait-bust, larger than life-size, looks out from the central window of his "huge house of the sounds," just at the foot of the pipes, surmounting the arch and triangular pediment above the key-boards (or *Claviatur*, as they are collectively called by the Germans). There he presides, the Master, an inspiration, an example, or a warning to any organist who takes his

seat there. Just in front of the centre, helping to seclude the player in desirable and fit impersonality, raised on a pedestal before the arch, on the front line of the giant tower bases, stands Crawford's statue of Beethoven, just in the fore-front and focus of all this grandeur and this beauty, and forming a still more complete, significant poetic whole with it, the rich golden bronze relieved, as it never has been before, against the sombre background, and the intense concentration of brain and intellect in the noble head and face, the regal earnestness and repose in the whole form and action of the figure, more than overcoming the disadvantage of mere mass, as seen between two giants. A King may walk between two huge *gens d'armes*, or elephants, and look none the less a King.

I would it were possible to describe the beauty of that central recess about the key-boards. You must step up to it, to feel the perfect beauty of its form and detail. Rich groups of flowers and instruments on each side, as before observed, decking the pilasters, which include the *Claviatur*—itself most curiously beautiful—a round surfaced arch, which appears twined together out of exquisitely carved acanthus leaves, crossed at intervals by broad bands of flat surface well relieved against the foliage; looking out from the summit of the flowery arch in bas-relief, a female head, with mouth wide open, singing. It has hardly so ideal, so reposeful and divine an expression as we would see there; but it has quaintness; it belongs still to the lower shadowy region, you observe, and has exaggeration; has a startled, wild Cassandra look. For heavenly peace, for Muses, for divinity and joy and freedom, for the realized aspiration, harmonies and final ends of history, we must look up to the realm of Light.

I have left myself no room to do it, but must break off here. I have one more opportunity before the Inauguration, when I have not only to complete this poor description of the Organ house, but also to take the reader inside, and give some view of its musical resources, of its mechanism, with a *catalogue raisonné* of all its Stops, their powers and qualities.

J. S. DWIGHT.

Boston (Massachusetts).

CROYDON.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. George Russell, a special favorite in these parts, gave his annual concert at the New Public Hall on Monday evening, and notwithstanding that it followed so shortly after the Sacred Harmonic Concerts and the Volunteer Dramatic Performances, there was a large and fashionable attendance. With Mr. Russell were associated Herr Carl Deichman (violin) and Herr Daubert (violinello), instrumentalists; Madlle. Parepa, Miss Ransford, and Mr. W. H. Cummings, vocalists. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's grand trio, in C minor, op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello, a very fine, steady performance at the hands of Messrs. George Russell, Herr Deichmann, and Herr Daubert. Haydn's trio, in G major, same instruments, was another capital performance, and both seemed to please infinitely. Mr. Russell also played Hummel's grand duet, in A flat, for two pianofortes, with Mr. Franklin Taylor, and, as his solo, Liszt's fantasia on *Faust*. He was loudly applauded in all his pieces, and in the last elicited real enthusiasm. A new vocal composition, by Mr. George Russell, entitled "Meetings and Partings," sung by Mr. Cummings (Mr. Pickwick would have affirmed that "Meetings," sung by "Cummings," was a curious coincidence), made one of the features of the concert, being a good song exceedingly well rendered. Madlle. Parepa created a great effect—an extraordinary effect, indeed, it would seem, on the reporter of a local journal. Read what he says:—"Madame Parepa possesses one of the most magnificent voices we ever heard, ranging to the highest note, and then falling to the most melodious sound, resembling the vibration of the harmonious chords of some exquisite organ, falling as soft as snow on the sea, and melting in the heart as instantly; an *encore* being demanded, the fair *cantatrice* most generously came forward, and enchanted the audience with the 'Shadow Song,' from *Dinorah*, the effect of which will most assuredly never be forgotten." Madlle. Parepa was indeed enthusiastically applauded in all she sang; as was also Miss Ransford, whose singing of Mr. Edwin Ransford's ballad, "He'll come again in Summer time," pleased one as much as any vocal performance of the evening. Mr. Cummings, in addition to Mr. Russell's new song and other vocal pieces, gave Mendelssohn's "Garland" with becoming taste and feeling. By the way, the journal alluded to above offers some remarks on Mr. Russell's new song, which, I think, it would be a pity to keep from your readers. They are as follows:—"The favorable manner in which it was received has induced us to give the words, feeling assured that they will be highly appreciated by our numerous readers, and more so when we tell them that Monday night was the first time of its performance, although, we understand, it will shortly be published." That the concert was a thorough success it is gratifying to relate since Mr. George Russell is not only universally respected for his talents, but greatly liked for his social qualities.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1864.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

M. VIEUXTEMPS.

PART I.

- QUARTET, in A minor, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello . . . *Mendelssohn.*
 M. M. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PAQUE.
 SERENADE, "Quand tu chantes berceuse"—Madame PAREPA . . . *Gounod.*
 SONG—Mr. SANTLEY . . . *Schubert.*
 SONATA, in A flat, Op. 26, containing the Funeral March, for Piano-forte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE . . . *Beethoven.*

PART II.

- SONATA, in B flat major, for Violin and Piano-forte (dedicated to Mlle. Strinassacchi) . . . *Mozart.*
 M. VIEUXTEMPS and Mr. CHARLES HALLE.
 SONG, "What shall I sing?"—Madame PAREPA . . . *Benedict.*
 SONG, "The Stirrup-cup"—Mr. SANTLEY . . . *Arditi.*
 QUARTET, in B flat, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello . . . *Haydn.*
 M. M. VIEUXTEMPS, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PAQUE.

Conductor - MR. BENEDICT.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—Director, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Concerts will commence early in next season. The Prospectus for 1864 will shortly be issued.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd Dec., at the Cloisters, Windsor, the wife of Dr. G. J. ELVEY, aged 43.

On the 24th Dec., at his residence, in Kensington, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

"A DEEPER feeling of regret is caused by the recent and sudden death of Mr. Thackeray, when he had scarcely passed middle life. The popularity of his writings is coextensive with the educated class, to which they were exclusively addressed. His copious and polished wit, his restrained tenderness, and his keen observation of social life, were intimately connected with the purity and gracefulness of his style. In the higher gift of creating fictitious characters, notwithstanding a narrow range of choice, he perhaps surpassed all contemporary rivals. In burlesques and parodies he indulged in the wildest revelry of caricature, but the personages of his novels were as exempt as living men from distortion and exaggeration. In many circles of society personal sorrow for so fresh a loss will supersede for the time any disposition to criticise his writings. In the recollection of his friends his varied accomplishments will be less prominent than the simplicity and gentleness which formed the basis of his character."

The foregoing is a tribute paid by the author of one of those masterly summaries of the political year, through which *The Times* has made the reading and thinking community so deeply its debtors, to the illustrious writer whose unexpected death has robbed our Christmas of its mirth. A tribute not less eloquent, from—why should it be withheld?—the pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks, appeared in the last number of *Punch*. Its place is by the side of the other, which it rivals not only in eloquence but in heartfelt sincerity:—

"WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY."

"WHILE generous tributes are everywhere paid to the Genius of him who has been suddenly called away in the fulness of his power and the maturity of his fame, some who have for many years enjoyed the advantage of his assistance and the delight of his society would simply record that they have lost a dear Friend. At an early period in the history of this Periodical he became a Contributor to its pages, and he long continued to enrich them, and though of late he had ceased to give other aid than suggestion and advice, he was a constant member of our council, and sat with us on the eighth day from that which has saddened England's Christmas. Let the brilliancy of his trained intellect, the terrible strength of his satire, the subtlety of his wit, the richness of his humour, and the catholic range of his calm wisdom, be themes for others: the mourning friends who inscribe these lines to his memory think of the affectionate nature, the cheerful companionship, the large heart and open hand, the simple courteousness, and the endearing frankness of a brave, true, honest Gentleman, whom no pen but his own could depict as those who knew him would desire."

We make bold to add that not a living Englishman or Englishwoman but is in some respects better for the healthy influence which Thackeray's works have exercised. More than any other writer he has helped to purify our times. Not only was he a good man and a splendid genius, but a great moral teacher, an inspired poet, and, however unconsciously, a powerful ruler of taste. His death is a national calamity.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—With all his talents and enterprise, I fear that Mr. Henry Leslie is but a timid speculator, not exactly fitted to carry on an important public undertaking; one of those hesitators, in fact, who are not content to let "well" alone, who have not courage, or temper, sufficient to wait patiently until time and circumstance overcome difficulty and experiment confirms and corroborates incipient success. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir was a capital idea, and a great success at starting—a genuine success, inevitable indeed when novelty and excellence in performance are combined in equal measure. Mr. Leslie, who knows something of music and thinks much about it, once upon a time took it into his head that the glees and madrigals of the old English composers, executed by a well-trained body of singers, would constitute a first-rate entertainment. Fired with the thought and convinced of its practicability, he determined to put it into practice without delay. He obtained co-operation from many amateur singers, who were pleased with his notion, and put faith in its feasibility. Mr. Leslie went to work with a will. He was indefatigable in instructing his singers, and was able to instruct; he did not spare time, pains, or expense. The good results of his teaching were not long in displaying themselves. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir gained a very high reputation in an unprecedentedly short space of time. The reputation of the Choir went on increasing for two or three years. It then came to a standstill; growing neither better nor worse, until at last, some two seasons back, it betrayed unmistakeable symptoms of decline, and has been falling from its pride of place ever since. Many have ascribed the declination to remissness on the part of the director. Not a bit of it. Mr. Henry Leslie was never more full of zeal, never more energetic, never more enthusiastic than at this moment. No man is more astonished than himself that any change should have taken place in the popularity of the Choir; and, I have no doubt, he attributes it to any thing but the right cause. Let us see what that cause is.

Mr. Henry Leslie commenced, as we have said, with a determination to make the madrigals and glees of the old Elizabethan writers the special feature of his entertainments. Here a wide and almost unoccupied field was presented to him, and one which might be cultivated in a variety of ways, and which, with careful tillage and husbandry, might fairly be expected to bring forth good and abundant fruit. For some time all went on smoothly. No performances in London attracted greater attention than those of the Choir. Mr. Leslie became ambitious, or, peradventure, he did not realize money fast enough. He tried experiments, he altered the constitution of his programmes, he would try conclusions even with the Sacred Harmonic Society. Madrigals and glees, instead of predominating in the selections, became merely a subsidiary part thereof. Psalms, motets, anthems, and cantatas, never contemplated in the establishment of the Choir, and which required singers to be prepared in a very different manner, were performed at every concert, to the delight, it may be of a few, but certainly to the chagrin and disappointment of many, and to the manifest injury of the Choir—as has been frequently remarked. Mr. Leslie did not rest satisfied with this innovation; he gradually introduced performances on solo instruments, not invariably rejecting fantasias and bravura pieces, and at last even descended to the attraction of single songs. From that moment the fate of the Choir may be said to have been in peril—it was placed, in fact, on the horns of a dilemma. If the

solists were successful it took from the attraction of the choir; if they failed, the concerts suffered. As example is better than precept, I will, with permission, transcribe two programmes of the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, one taken from the year 1858, the other from one of the most recent concerts, by which, I trust, your readers will be better enabled to understand and appreciate my argument, and to perceive, when the beaten tract was deserted and every proof despised, how impossible it was that success should follow. The programme first quoted is from 1858:—

PART I.

Madrigal—"Hard by a Fountain" ...	H. Waelrent (1550).
Madrigal—"I saw lovely Phillis" ...	R. L. Pearsall.
Prelude and Fugue in F minor (Pianoforte) ...	Mendelssohn.
Two-part Song—"I would that my love" ...	Mendelssohn.
Part-Song—"Ave Maria" ...	Henry Smart.
Glee—"Health to my dear" ...	Spofforth.

PART II.

Madrigal—"Flora gave the fairest flow'rs" ...	Wilbye.
Bridal Song ...	H. Leslie.
Madrigal—"When all alone" ...	Converso.
Glee—"Oh! who will o'er the downs" ...	R. L. Pearsall.
Harvest Song ...	W. C. Macfarren.
Part-Song—"May Morning" ...	H. Leslie.
Madrigal—"Flow, O my tears" ...	S. Benet.

PART III.

Glee—"There is beauty on the mountain" ...	J. Goss.
Part-Song—"The Shepherd's Farewell" ...	Henry Smart.
Madrigal—"Lady, when I beheld the roses sprouting" ...	Wilbye.
Part-Song—"Integer Vita" ...	F. Fleming.
War Song ...	Kücken.
Part-Song—"Rule Britannia" ...	Dr. Arne.

The second programme, taken from the first Subscription Concert of the present year, is as follows:—

PART I.

Madrigal—"Merrily wake music's measure" ...	J. Barnett.
Thirty-two Variations for Pianoforte ...	Beethoven.
Madrigal—"Stay, Corydon, thou swain" ...	Wilbye.
Song—"The Lark's Message" ...	H. Leslie.
Hunting Song—"Waken, lords and ladies gay" ...	Henry Smart.
Morceau de Concert, pour violon ...	Leonard.
Ode to St. Cecilia ...	Spohr.

PART II.

Madrigal—"O ye Roses" ...	R. L. Pearsall.
Madrigal—"Sing we and chant it" ...	R. L. Pearsall.
Wagner's Tannhauser March, transcribed for Pianoforte ...	Listz.
Part-Song—"The first twitter of Spring" ...	J. G. Calcott.
Scena—"Je reviens" (<i>Domino Noir</i>) ...	Auber.
Solo for Violin—"The Witches' Dance" ...	Paganini.
Duet—"The Fairy-haunted Spring" ...	Henry Smart.
Part-Song—"The Troubadour" ...	H. Leslie.

Look on this picture and on that, and having carefully perused both, knowing something of the origin and constitution of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, remembering how it was petted and fondled in its infancy, how quickly it grew and flourished, how famous it became, what reputation it promised to bestow on the director, and then, recalling how all at once it came to a stand still, and how its attractions fell off till it was no longer a mark and a boast among musical entertainments; answer candidly, will not the difference in the programmes satisfactorily account for the difference in popular feeling?

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

THE LATE SIGNOR BEGREZ.—The executors of the late Signor Begrez, G. F. Anderson, Director of Her Majesty's Concerts, and J. Ella, Director of the Musical Union, have communicated to the Royal Society of Musicians the munificent bequest of *One Thousand Pounds* to that charitable institution by the deceased, many years a principal vocalist at Her Majesty's Italian Opera and the London Concerts. L. P.

THE THEATRES.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I brought Mrs. Green to town this year to see the Cattle Show, and, as she is partial to theatrical amusements, I thought I could not please her more than by taking her to see *Blanche de Nevers*, which was advertised in the *Times* as "a success unparalleled in the annals of music." But judge of my surprise on entering the theatre to find no one in the stalls, twenty-four persons in the pit, and a few unhappy looking stragglers in the boxes. This was on the rising of the curtain, for at the end of the evening there were at least eight persons in the stalls and the third row of the pit was thinly occupied. Mr. Harrison was as much astonished as myself at observing the state of the house, for in his first song, "I am as happy as a King," he looked the picture of misery. It was plain that he was accustomed to overflowing houses, or he would never have announced the opera as such an unprecedented success; and I should be glad to know if you can tell me what unseen influence was acting against the house on the occasion of my visit. That a theatre should be deserted suddenly in a night is a most mysterious circumstance.

We staid in town over Christmas, and on boxing night we went to see the new Covent Garden opera, *St. George and the Dragon*. I was a good deal disappointed at finding that Mr. Harrison did not appear in it himself, but, notwithstanding his absence, the Theatre was full to the ceiling. This is another mysterious circumstance which I hope you will explain.

Our theatrical amusements ended with *The Ticket of Leave Man*, which Mrs. Green admired and sobbed over. I do not think it is a remarkable piece, and I formed my opinion on the following fact which is printed in the playbills:—"A clerk robbed his master of £2,500, and witnessed this piece on the night of the robbery. He was so affected by it that he rushed to the post-office and returned to his master £1,500. Why did he not return the whole amount, I ask? Because the drama was not powerful enough, I say. Bulwer or Sheridan Knowles would have emptied his purse. Taylor could only fork out £1,500, and his spectator remained a thief. I hope you will agree with,

Your Provincial Correspondent, VERDANT GREEN, JUN.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 139th concert (Dec. 21) was a brilliant close to the year 1863. The programme contained several pieces that had already been heard during the current series. Madame Arabella Goddard repeated her wonderful performance of Weber's Sonata in C major, with the same extraordinary success; and once more gallantly led the Septet of Hummel, her followers being, as before, Messrs. Rockstro, Barret, C. Harper, H. Webb, C. Severn, and Paque. The concert began with Haydn's quite Mozartean quartet in D minor:—



—ended with Mendelssohn's magnificent E flat—the third of Op. 44:—



—the performers being Messrs. Lotto, Wiener, H. Webb and Paque. M. Lotto again played Tartini's *Trille du Diable*. The singers were Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Santley. The lady gave two songs of Beethoven—"Sympathy" ("Wonne der Wehmuth") and "The Wish" ("Au die Geliebte")—in the first part, and, in the second, Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied*, or Spring song—"Now the dreary Winter flies"—which, by the way, enjoys some half-dozen more names. Mr. Santley sang "The Wanderer" and "O ruddier than the cherry," both very finely, and both—so pleased were his hearers—twice. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist, and had his pliant fingers well employed in the songs of Handel and Mendelssohn.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Dec. 28.

This evening the first representation of the *reprise* of *Moïse* will take place at the Grand Opéra, and all Paris is interested in the event. Certainly, a great deal of time and pains and no small amount of money have been expended on the production. You shall have a full account of the performance next week. In the meanwhile let not the admirers of Rossini's music expect too much from the singers. We shall see.—At the Italian Opera little is to be told beyond the last representations of Signor Fraschini, who has been singing in the *Ballo in Maschera* and *Marta*. He is now to a certain extent the rage at the Italiens; but I cannot believe he would greatly succeed in London after Mario and Giuglini, although, no doubt, in "strong" vociferous parts he would make an effect. Madame Borghi-Mamo has departed for Madrid, at which capital Mdle. Adelina Patti has terminated her engagement, her last opera being *Marta*, in which she created a great sensation. Her Majesty the Queen of Spain sent for her to her box at the end of the performance, and expressed her delight at her singing and acting. Mdle. Patti is expected in Paris immediately.—The first representation of Auber's new opera, *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe* is fixed for Thursday. Next week I can promise your readers some attractive information about old *Moïse* and the young *Fiancée*.

Just now Paris is lamentably dull, and I never remember a Christmas during which so few novelties were produced at the theatres. *Rigoletto*—to the chagrin and mortification of M. Bagier, but not, in my opinion, to the injury of the Italian Opera—has been brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique with tolerable success, the *ensemble* being remarkably good. The artists, Mdle. de Maesen (Gilda), M. Monjanze (the Duke of Mantua), and M. Ismael (Rigoletto), will speak for themselves. Whoever goes to hear the opera at the Théâtre-Lyrique should, if possible, disremember Mario and Ronconi. The Popular Concerts of Classical Music keep up their *prestige* and are almost invariably well attended. The programme of last Sunday's concert comprised Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony*; *Marche-Scherzo* of C. Saint-Saens, the Belgian composer—but little known in England, I believe—Overture to *Athalie*, by Mendelssohn, and Beethoven's Septuor, executed by the clarinet, bassoon, horn, and all the stringed instruments. To this act of Vandalism I have before called your readers' attention, and can only a second time denounce it as a gross outrage upon Art.

LIVERPOOL.—The twelfth and concluding concert of the season took place lately, when, according to custom, *The Messiah* was performed. There was a very numerous audience. The entire musical resources of the society were brought into requisition, and it was anticipated that the concert would be a highly satisfactory one. We cannot say, however, that it was satisfactory, or equal to that of last season; though it is right to state that one cause of its comparative inferiority arose from circumstances over which the society had no control. The principal singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. Miss Palmer attended the rehearsal in the morning; but at the concert, was so much indisposed that it was impossible for her to sing. Prior to the overture, Mr. Sudlow, secretary to the society, made an announcement to this effect. Owing to Miss Palmer's absence, Madame Rudersdorff generously undertook to sing the contralto music, in addition to her own, though some important portions of it—"O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," "He shall feed His flock," for instance—were necessarily omitted. Madame Rudersdorff's singing was greatly admired, especially in her rendering of "He was despised," "Come unto him," and "How beautiful are the feet." Mr. Sims Reeves sang as well as ever. The style in which he gave the air "Comfort ye," and "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow" was incomparable. "Thou shalt break them" was encored, but Mr. Reeves seemed to comply with the demand rather unwillingly, for the cheering was kept up for some time before he rose to repeat the song. Mr. Santley gave "The people that walked in darkness," "The trumpet shall sound" (trumpet *obbligato* to which was capitally played by Mr. Thomas Harper), and "Let us break their bonds asunder," admirably. The latter was redemanded and repeated. Some of the choruses were but indifferently rendered, the singers being frequently unsteady and out of tune. This was more especially observable among the tenors. "Hallelujah," "The Lord gave the word," "Their sound is gone out," and "Worthy the Lamb," went very fairly, and the accompaniments in general were effectively played.

THE THEATRES AT CHRISTMAS.

It is as much as we can afford at this period of the year—and indeed as much as our readers can reasonably expect—to merely chronicle the performances at the various theatres, reserving all critical remarks, unless something new, or peculiar, calls them forth. Without further preface, therefore, we set out with stating that the *DRURY LANE* pantomime, by Mr. Blanchard, is called *Sindbad the Sailor*; or, *The Great Roc of the Diamond Valley and the Seven Wonders of the World*. Miss Lizzie Willmore, a debutante of the Marie Wilton school, plays Sindbad, and Master Percy Roselle, a child five or six years old, sustains the part of the Old Man of the Sea very cleverly. Transformation scene, one of Mr. Beverley's most magnificent. In the harlequinade the infant drummer, Master Shapcott, proves himself a real phenomenon.—The *COVENT GARDEN* pantomime, by Mr. H. J. Byron, is named *St. George and the Dragon*; or, *The Seven Champions and the Beautiful Princess*.—The *HAYMARKET* re-introduces, after several months' absence, Lord Dundreary, we beg pardon, Mr. Sothorn, in his celebrated character in *Our American Cousin*, which has undergone some changes and modifications, there being a dance and a song brought in for his lordship, besides an entire new scene. The dance and song are encoored nightly as well as Sam's letter. The Christmas piece is an extravaganza by Mr. W. Brough, entitled *King Arthur*; or, *The Days and Knights of the Round Table*.—The *PRINCESS's*, as usual, adheres to pantomime, and gives this year *Little Tom Tucker*; or, *The Fine Lady of Banbury Cross and the Little Old Woman who lived in a Shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do*. The length of the name, we can assure our readers, is not the pantomime's best recommendation. Mr. George Vining has resumed the management.—Mr. B. Webster backs up Miss Bateman's performance of *Leah at the Adelphe*,—which, seeing that it has been played for several months uninterruptedly and continued up to Boxing-night immensely attractive, required no backing up at all—with a burlesque by Mr. Byron, called *Lady Belle Belle*; or, *Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants*—no challenge to Mr. Planché's celebrated extravaganza, be it understood.—The *ST. JAMES'S THEATRE* has opened, under the direction of Mr. B. Webster, with a draught from the Adelphi company, to be aided and abetted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews and Mrs. Frank Mathews. The Christmas novelty is by the ubiquitous polyquill Mr. Byron, and is denominated 1863, or *The Sensations of the Past Season, with a Shameful Revelation of Somebody's Secret*.—The *OLYMPIC*, in consequence, as is stated, of the continued success of the *Ticket-of-leave Man*, has postponed its Christmas piece for some time. The pugilistic farce, written some few years ago for Mr. Robson, has been revived for Mr. Adkins. Fourthly, Mr. Byron supplies the *STRAND THEATRE* with an extravaganza hight *Orpheus and Eurydice*; or, *The Young Gentleman who charmed the Rocks*.—The *NEW ROYALTY* abides by *Ixion*, but has added a comic drama, by Mr. Burnand, entitled *Madame Berliot's Ball*; or, *The Chalet in the Valley*.—The *SADLER'S WELLS* has a pantomime called *The Prince of the Peaceful Islands*; or, *Harlequin the Magic Pearl, the Centaur and the Fairy Amazon*, the opening written by Mr. F. G. Cheetham.—Mr. E. T. Smith has opened *ASTLEY's* with a tremendous pantomime, indited, in the introduction, by Mr. Francisco Frost, the masks by Mr. John Couverase, which rejoices in the title of *Harlequin and Friar Bacon*; or, *Great Grim John of Gaunt and the Enchanted Lance of Robin Goodfellow*.—According to annual custom the bill-scribes of the *SURREY THEATRE* proclaim the pantomime at that house the best in London. We can only vouch for its cognomen, which is *Harlequin Old King Cole*; or, *Ride a Cock horse to Banbury Cross, and the Frog that would a Wooing go*, written by Mr. M. Duttall.—The *MARYLEBONE* pantomime is *Jolly King Christmas*; or, *Harlequin Jack Frost, the Giant, the Bean-stalk, and the Little Fay of the Silvery Waterfall*, author, Mr. Marchant.—The *VICTORIA* has for its pantomime *Giselle*; or, *the Night Dancers*.—Mr. Nelson Lee of course provides the *CITY OF LONDON* with its pantomime, which takes for its name *Harlequin Black beard*; or, *Dame Trot and her Comical Cat*.—Mr. F. Marchant, author of the *Marylebone* pantomime, has also supplied the *PAVILION* with its Christmas piece, which he calls *Dick Whittington and his Wonderful Cat*; or, *Harlequin Humpty Dumpty and the House of Content in the Realm of Happiness*. The *BRITANNIA* pantomime is named *Hickory Dickory Dock, the Mouse that ran up the Clock*, and is from the pen of Mr. Hazlewood.—At the *GREEK THEATRE* the pantomime, *Robinson Crusoe*; or, *Harlequin, his Man Friday and the Magic Pearl*, is the joint production of Messrs. Conquest and Spry.—The pantomime at the *EFFINGHAM* is named *Harlequin King Crystal*; or, *The Princess of the Silver Maze and the Gool Little Fairy at the Bottom of the Well*.—The little bijou theatre, the *CABINET*, having been recently licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, opened on Boxing-night, under the management of Mr. Dryden.—Great holiday preparations have been made at the *POLYTECHNIC* and *COLLOSSEUM*, always popular resorts with a certain class of people at this time of the year.

ARTHUR CHAPPELL CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I notice one defect always in the programmes of the Monday Popular Concerts, viz., the entire absence of any English compositions. I am fully aware of your knowledge of the following works by the Great English Masters, but Mr. Arthur Chappell cannot know or he would not refrain from presenting them at his concerts:—

Sestet in F sharp minor	Sterndale Bennett.
Quintet in G minor	G. A. Macfarren.
Quartet in F, dedicated to Ernst	
Quartet in F minor	W. H. Holmes.
Quartet in A	G. A. Macfarren.
Trio in A	Sterndale Bennett.
Trio—Romanza e Allegro con Fuoco	G. A. Macfarren.
First Sonata in E flat	G. A. Macfarren.
Sonata—"Consuelo"	W. H. Holmes.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

E. E. E.

[The list might be centupled.—Ed. M. W.]

BRIDGMAN—(J.) v. BRIDGE(M)AN.

(To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.)

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a letter in the last number of your valuable musical periodical bearing the above heading and signed by "Doubtful."

As the purport of that letter has been brought about through the slight omission of one word in the re-insertion of a critique on Mr. Edmunds' Concert from the *Edinburgh Scotsman* into your paper of Dec. 19th, I take an immediate opportunity of setting your correspondent right in his surmises respecting it. The critique alluded to as regards the duet on pianoforte and harmonium appeared in the *Scotsman* as follows: "The concert opened with a duet on airs from *Lurline* for pianoforte and harmonium, excellently well played by Mr. Bridgman and an amateur, who also contributed another composition of the same class in the second part, to which they did equal justice."

The omission of the word *and* in your impression has unfortunately led "Doubtful's" mind into a variety of conjectures as to who the Mr. Bridgman, "an amateur," could be who was performing such marvels at Edinburgh, and not knowing any other Mr. Bridgman he seems to have formed the idea that it might possibly be Mr. J. V. Bridge(e)man (a cousin of mine) whose talents are so widely known in the literary world. Such was not the case, as the Mr. Bridgman who appeared at Mr. Edmunds' concert was your humble servant, and the duet was played on that occasion by him and an amateur. "Doubtful," however, seems to think it an impossibility for one person to play a duet on the pianoforte and harmonium. I beg to inform him that I very frequently play on both instruments at the same time, both publicly and privately, although I did not do so at Mr. Edmunds' concert.

By placing the harmonium to the right of the pianoforte a performer can play with the right hand on the harmonium and with the left hand on the pianoforte, and the effect produced by the combination is very good. I should much like "Doubtful" to hear me play Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell* on the two instruments at the same time. I think it would rather astonish him. I am not the only professional gentleman who has introduced this combination, as I believe both Herr Engel and Herr Meyer Lutz do the same thing. As to the spelling of my name with or without the "e" it is a matter of fancy. It should, I believe, properly speaking, be spelt without the "e," but some members of our family think proper to add the "e," but why, or wherefore, is best known to those who have made the innovation.

As to the relationship existing between Mr. J. V. Bridge(e)man and myself, I believe, like all other relationships, it commenced (he being my senior) at the time of my birth and at the place where I was born. I should like "Doubtful" to edify me as to when and where his relationship commenced with any of his own relations?

Trusting that this explanation will be quite satisfactory,

I remain, Sir, your's truly,

10, Greenside-street, Edinburgh.

FREDERICK WM. BRIDGMAN.

December 29, 1863.

(Professor of Music.)

P.S.—I send a programme of Mr. Edmunds' concert for "Doubtful's" perusal should he like to call at your office and see it.

RICKMANSWORTH.—Mr. Bradley, organist of the Parish Church, gave a concert here under the patronage of Lord Ebury. The singers were Miss Annie Cox—encored in "Sing, Birdie, sing," "Why throbs this heart," and "Five o'clock in the morning"—and Mr. Davill, who was similarly complimented in "I'm very fond of water." Mr. Bradley played a solo on the violoncello, accompanied on the pianoforte by one of his pupils, which obtained the honor of a recall. The concert altogether gave satisfaction.

PROFESSOR WYLDE'S THIRD LECTURE, AT GRESHAM COLLEGE.

(Concluded from page 819.)

In modern operas the recitative is the dialogue set to music, which is usually succeeded by a melody, or ensemble, to which the lyric verses are allied. At the present day an opera audience gets impatient in listening to long recitatives and are anxious to hear the melodies which follow. As lately, however, as Gluck's time, the greatest interest was centred in recitative, and the same cry was heard as when recitative was first invented. "It is the music of the Greeks restored," shouted a Parisian audience after hearing Gluck's *Orfeo* and other operas. (Illustrations of Gluck's recitatives.)

The recitatives of Gluck are doubtless very fine, in fact the recitatives and chorusses constitute the greatest attraction in his operas, and are superior to the melodies, arias and other pieces. Gluck's first opera was performed in Paris. Representations take place occasionally up to the present time, particularly in Germany and France; but the difficulty of finding singers with great declamatory powers renders Gluck's operas difficult to produce.

In general, singers of the present day only look for arias, songs, or ballads in an opera; they do not excel in declamatory powers, and consequently prefer that which they can master more easily, and which is more agreeable to their tastes.

When Richard Wagner, the "composer of the future" (as he is styled by his opponents), has succeeded in making the musical world appreciate his theories, then it may happen that "melody" will be less cared for in operas; and recitative music, capable of expressing the various passions and emotions of the dramatic characters, usurp its place. Provided music in "recitative form" could be written to equal that of Gluck there would not be much cause for regret, if English composers of the present day were to forego introducing so many ballads and songs in their operas. For, good recitative music is far superior to vulgar tunes, to be met with in modern English operas. The recitative style has also been introduced in instrumental music, but I cannot recall any instance of its being employed by any earlier writer than Beethoven, who has introduced it in several of his works. The greatest of all his great works, the Choral Symphony, contains several recitative passages, not only in the choral parts, which would not excite notice, but in the instrumental. The beginning of the second movement, in which the double basses play so prominent a part, is chiefly in the recitative style. In the same composer's sonata for pianoforte, in D minor, Op. 27, the recitative style is used with singular effect. The D minor sonata is one of Beethoven's favourite works, and in order to give you an idea of instrumental recitative, I intend to offer it you as an illustration. (Illustration, Sonata in D minor, Beethoven.) Mendelssohn, imitating Beethoven, has also introduced "recitative" into the only sonata he has written for the Pianoforte "Solo," although the so-called fantasia in F sharp may justly be entitled a Sonata. Spohr likewise has not omitted to show his skill in this form of composition, and in his Concerto Dramatico for the violin has introduced recitative with great propriety and effect.

The first written operas contained, as I have mentioned to you, little else besides the recitative form of music. But, in order that you may not be misled, I must remind you that, although I have given the year 1600 as the date of the first opera, or work in "Stilo rappresentivo," or recitative, long previously, there were performed "Masques" in which songs, canons, and motets, species of composition which I have before explained to you, and well known and studied prior to the invention of recitative, were introduced. Thus Sulpitius, in his dedication of Vitruvius, speaks of a tragedy that was recited and sung at Rome in 1480. In 1560 there is record of a so-called opera performed for the entertainment of Henry III. of France, on his return from Poland. These and other recorded performances of opera have led many people to conclude that recitative is not so modern a style as I have described; but these opera performances were "Masques" or plays, in which all the then known forms of composition in vogue were introduced, but contained no recitative which, as it enables the drama to be sung throughout, forms what we call the grand opera. Time will not permit me to give you a specimen of all the great improvers of operatic music up to the present time. I will select a few illustrations of the modern style of opera and defer to another opportunity giving you examples of the gradual advancement of this style of music. I have said enough to show you when, and why, the form of recitative was invented, and how it forms often the introduction to modern arias and songs. (Illustrations, opera music.)

Although I am obliged now to conclude my present series of lectures, I intend, as I before stated (instead of finishing the subject I have selected this term), to continue it on another occasion, and to introduce to your notice several other forms of composition, such as the "Rondo" and the sonata forms, etc., etc., used principally in instrumental music. The "form" for vocal music is simpler than that

which is generally adapted for instrumental. Vocal music was cultivated, as I have shown you, long before instrumental music. All the compositions of an early date, which have been preserved, are for voices; although the first mention of music in historic writings is that of instrumental music. Even at the present time vocal music is more generally cultivated than instrumental. The system of class singing (introduced by Wilhelm and now taught by nearly every village schoolmaster) has been the means of enabling a multitude of persons with small attainments to take part in vocal music, who would otherwise never have succeeded in mastering the difficulties of any musical instrument. The difficulty of playing upon an instrument is far greater than that of singing on the system I have mentioned, but still greater is the difficulty of understanding instrumental music compared with vocal. Now if you would understand instrumental music a knowledge of form is absolutely required. Do you take a delight in hearing the sonatas and instrumental trios and quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. With the knowledge of the form in which these works are written your delight will be increased amazingly. Do you admire the symphonies of these composers, and are you struck with the power and variety of effect produced by the performance of their great tone-pictures? Study the "form" and behold opened to you a new field of admiration! What trouble some people take at the present day in acquiring a reputation for being connoisseurs of music and the fine arts, but who are content to remain in ignorance of that in which their beauty consists. Philip, of Macedon, asked his mentor, Aristotle, what he could do in order to be thought a good musician; the curt reply was, "Become one." If you ask me, as your mentor, how you are to become one, my reply is, "Study form in musical composition!"

Finally, I wish to remark that it has been said "Art is a sacred thing." So indeed it is, and yet there are to be found some who call music frivolous and useless. Music, like any other gift to man, may be perverted, degraded, allied to unworthy language, scenes and sentiments, or used as a mere display, but its mission is to raise within us lofty aspirations, to purify and refine, to stimulate the mind to action, or dispose it to devotion. No doubt different tastes and sympathies incline to different kinds of music.

The frivolous are satisfied with what is superficial; the intellectual are moved only by what is profound and comprehensive; but, it does not therefore follow that frivolous tastes should be conciliated; although the majority of mankind may be pleased with what is little. On the contrary he alone may be called a true musician who seeks to elevate the mind through the medium of the senses, who strives to instruct whilst amusing, and endeavours to combine pleasurable excitement with mental exaltation.

From a worldly point of view the Fine Arts may be considered as superfluities, in no way contributing to the necessities of human existence. Food, clothing, fire and shelter, it has been alleged, are all that is absolutely required for life; but, if poetry, music, painting, and sculpture do not bring wealth to a nation, or endow it with greatness; if they do not give stability to its government or confer security on its commerce, they at least tend to its civilization and add ornaments to the structure of society. To those who feel the charm of music, who have proved its healing powers, and moral influence in social life I would say study it as a "science," become acquainted with the "forms" in which it is presented to us by the great composers, and try and disseminate a taste for it; for it is a taste for the pure and beautiful, and it is a means of directing the mind to the study of that from which is derived truth, delight, and mental satisfaction without alloy.

DRESDEN.—Herr Richard Wagner was to have taken a part in Herr Bronsart's third Subscription Concert, but was detained by illness at Carlsruhe. The concert had to be postponed in consequence. It came off at last, however, the following programme, interpreted by the concert-giver and Dr. Leopold Damrosch, from Breslau, being offered to the public on the occasion: Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*; R. Schumann's "Carnival;" Sonata for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Tartini; Polonaise, No. 1 (C minor) for pianoforte, by Liszt; and Schubert's "Rondo" in B minor (Op. 70) for pianoforte and violin.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Dr. Franz Liszt is expected this winter, though it is not yet known whether he will accept the propositions that have been made him. It is probable, too, that Mad. Schumann will give some concert-performances.—At the first concert of the Russian Society of Music, under the direction of Herr Anton Rubinstein, the following compositions were performed: Overture, interludes, and choruses to *Manfred*, Schumann; overture to *Les Girondins*, Litolf; Cavatina for tenor from Gounod's *Faust*; Violin Concerto (D minor, first movement), David; Russian Romance for tenor, Gurilow; and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.—Sig. Ciardi, solo flautist at the Italian Opera here, and at the Imperial Court, has received the Order of Saints Lazarus and Maurice, from King Victor Emmanuel.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BUSSELL (Dublin).—"Musical Album of the London Irish Rifle Volunteers."
 BUSSELL (Dublin).—"Robinson (Francis), "The sleep of sorrow and dream of joy,"
 "I ask thee not to think of me," "Six Irish Melodies" (newly arranged),
 "Thou're coming with the sunshine."
 DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—Hirst (Charles Edwin), "La Vivacite," Mazurka de Salon;
 "Souvenir de Pologne," Mazurka de Salon.
 JEWELL.—"Select Psalm Tunes, Metrical Hymns, Chorales, Chants, &c.," by Joseph
 M'Kewan.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

This society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, gave a performance of Haydn's *Creation*, on Wednesday night, at Exeter Hall, in presence of a large audience. The execution was the more praiseworthy, inasmuch as some of the leading sopranos were unavoidably absent from their places, which entailed upon those who remained a double duty. Fortunately Haydn's choruses are not so elaborate as those of Handel and Mendelssohn. With such principal singers as Mdlle. Parepa, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, there could be no fear for the songs, duos, and trios, nearly all of which were given in first-rate style. Mdlle. Parepa,—who, perhaps, is heard to greater advantage in the *Creation* than in other sacred work—has rarely been more successful in "With verdure clad," and "On mighty wings." The tenor music in the *Creation* is in no instance very exacting; and Mr. Sims Reeves trusts more to purity of tone and artistic management in giving it expression than to the vigorous energy he employs with such extraordinary effect in *Judas Maccabaeus*. His "In native worth"—on this occasion more than ever perfect—raised a storm of enthusiasm. He, nevertheless, refused to sing it twice, although the applause was kept up for a considerable time. Mr. Santley gave "Rolling in foaming billows," and "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," with such splendor of voice and style as to throw his hearers into raptures, which induced him to repeat the latter. Mr. W. M. Cummings was very serviceable as second tenor, and gave the recitatives entrusted to him, as well as the air "Now vanish," with feeling and propriety. It was this gentleman, our readers may remember, who, not long since, so creditably acted as deputy for Mr. Sims Reeves in *Judas Maccabaeus*.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. 1863.

OBJECT.—The Society to be an Association of Professional and Amateur Musicians, having for its object the cultivation of the Musical Art, by means of Private Music Meetings for the practice of Vocal Works, consisting of Motets, Madrigals, Part-Songs, &c., and Instrumental Works consisting of Quartets, Trios, Sonatas, &c. The Vocal Works to be performed by the Professional and Amateur Members, and the Instrumental Music by the Professional Members, distinguished Visitors, or Advanced Amateurs, at the discretion of the Committee. The object of the Society is to be further carried out by forming a small Band of Orchestral Performers, as soon as a sufficient number of Members are willing to unite for that purpose.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SOCIETY.—(a) The management of the Society to be vested in the hands of a Committee. (b) The Committee to consist of those Professional and Amateur Musicians who attend the first meeting. (c) The Committee at its first meeting to elect a President. (d) The President and those Professional Members of the Committee whose services are indispensable to the management of the Society, to receive an "Honorarium" out of the Society's funds. (e) The Committee to elect Members and Honorary Members. (f) The Committee to have power to add to their number, but no one to be elected on the Committee who is objected to by any of its original Members.

PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERS.—The Professional and Amateur Members to have admission to all the Music-meetings of the Society. Members to have opportunities afforded them of producing "New Works." Amateur Members (with the sanction of the Committee) to take part in the Private Performances. The Members to be entitled to free admission to all the New Philharmonic Concerts and Public Rehearsals given under the Direction of Dr. Wyld.

SUBSCRIPTION OF MEMBERS, &c.—The members of the Committee and the Professional Amateur Members to pay an annual subscription of One Guinea. Neither the Committee nor Members to be liable for any further amount.

APPLICATION OF THE FUNDS OF THE SOCIETY.—The Funds of the Society derived from the Annual Subscriptions of the Members to be applied as follows:—One-fourth part to be at the disposal of the President and Committee, in order to promote the objects of the Society; the remaining three-fourths to be paid to the Secretary of the New Philharmonic Concerts for the admission of the Members of the Society to those Concerts. But this distribution of the Funds is not

to take place before the Society benefits by the Subscriptions to the extent of £60.

MEETINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.—The Committee to meet once a month in St. James's Hall, and to dine together previous to the Music Meeting in the evening. The dinner to be paid for out of the Society's funds. The expense of which is not to exceed £3 3s. a time for twelve Members, and proportionately less if a smaller number attend.

FURTHER REGULATIONS.—No Public Performances to be given by the Society, except by consent of the original Members of the Committee. No alteration to be made in these conditions for establishing the New Philharmonic Society, except by consent of the original Members of the Committee.

NORWICH.—Master Willie Pape, who comes from across the Atlantic, gave two pianoforte recitals in Mr. Noverre's room, on Friday and Saturday last. The attendance was not numerous, and we fear Master Pape's first visit to this city did not prove a remunerative one. This would seem strange in a city that enjoys so great a reputation for musical taste as Norwich, were it not well-known that the Norwich public, the musical portion especially, are slow to recognise a novel performance, though, when its merits are ascertained, they are eager and warm enough in support of it. We have no doubt this will be the case should Master Pape pay us another visit, as is not unlikely. He is certainly an extraordinary player for his age—not yet, it is said, fourteen—although judging from his looks we should have added two or three years to his age; but, as might be expected, he has yet to acquire the expression and exquisite finish that marks the perfect performer. His memory is no less surprising than his execution, as may be judged from the fact that he has a repertoire of upwards of fifty pieces, all of which he plays from memory, and which include Beethoven's three sonatas—opp. 10, 26, and 27, and the masterpieces of Thalberg, Liszt, Herz, Weber, and Mendelssohn. On Friday evening he gave Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26, "Home Sweet Home," Liszt's *Rigoletto*, Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, Prudent's *Lucia*, Gottschalk's "Last Hope" and *Murmures*, and Döhler's *Nocturne*, together with, we believe, a piece of his own. The last two were selected from his repertoire by the audience. The programme for Saturday morning was entirely different, though Master Pape repeated by desire, the Sonata of Beethoven and "Home Sweet Home." The selection also included some compositions on negro melodies, by Gottschalk. In all these pieces Master Pape displayed the same wonderful execution, surmounting the most difficult passages with ease. His attitude at the instrument is graceful, unrestrained, and unmarked by extravagant action. There can be no doubt, if health be spared him, that he will obtain a very high position in the musical world. As a relief to the instrumental part of the programme, there were some songs, a duet, and a trio, the singers being Miss Darken, Miss Deacon, and Mr. Cox. The trio was "Blow, Gentle Gales;" the duet, "O lovely Peace" (*Judas Maccabaeus*); the songs were "Should he upbraid," and Bellini's *cavatina* from *Beatrice di Tenda*.

EXETER ORATORIO SOCIETY.—The performance of *The Messiah*, by the Exeter Oratorio Society, on Tuesday evening last, attracted a numerous audience and gave general satisfaction. For three-quarters of an hour before the time for commencement, the vicinity of the hall was alive with the rattle of carriages, and the concert-room was filled so early that those even who came punctually found great difficulty in procuring seats. The principal singers were Miss Banks, Miss Tozer, Messrs. Calvert, Taylor and David Lambert; leader, Mr. M. G. Rice, conductor, Mr. C. Jennings. The execution was creditable to the members and gratifying to the audience. The singing of Miss Banks in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," of Mr. Calvert in "He was despised and rejected," and of Mr. David Lambert, in the bass solos, secured hearty appreciation. "Worthy is the Lamb," "Blessing and honor," and "Hallelujah" chorus, were given by the chorus with an accuracy and power seldom equalled on any previous occasion in this city. We trust that the growing popularity of the Oratorio Society's Concerts may lead to a state of the finances satisfactory both to treasurer and managers.—*Devon Weekly Times*.

HUDDERSFIELD.—A concert has lately been given by Mr. Wood at which he introduced the young American pianist, Master Willie Pape, whose performances quite came up to the expectations formed of his talents from the eulogiums of the press. One of the pieces performed was chosen by the audience out of a selection of fifty that Master Pape is able to play from memory. The selection was Thalberg's *Elisir d'Amore*, which he played with taste and skill. His rapidity of finger and exactness of time were remarkable. He was encased in this in all his other pieces. The singers were Miss Annie Dransfield, who has a nice voice, Miss Wood, contralto, and Mr. Coates, tenor. The evening altogether went off satisfactorily.

THE DONCASTER ORGAN.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Can you tell me where I may obtain the pamphlet on the Doncaster Organ, by Mr. Stephenson of Sheffield.—Yours obediently,
A SUBSCRIBER.

[At Doncaster, we believe.—Ed. M. W.]

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Byron produces a new burlesque, *Fortunio*, at the Prince of Wales. Blanchard's pantomime of *The House that Jack built* is done at the Theatre Royal.

STANMORE.—Mr. Fred. Penna's illustrated lecture on the great oratorio composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Handel, Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—originally given at the Hanover Square Rooms, was given on Thursday evening week at the Public Room. Brief biographical sketches of the great composers, together with critical and analytical remarks upon their oratorios in general, formed the subject of the lecture. The illustrations were all rendered by Mr. Penna, his wife presiding at the pianoforte in a thoroughly competent manner. The songs, "Tears of Sorrow" (Spohr), and "It is enough" (Mendelssohn), were especially commendable, as well for the feeling as for the artistic skill with which they were rendered.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—Never was there a more striking instance of theatrical revolution than in the case of the small house situated in Dean-street, Soho. Less than six months ago it was one of the obscurest establishments in London, but Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Ixion*, produced late in September, rendered it one of the most conspicuous, and so permanent is the success of this burlesque that, like *Bel Demonio* at the Lyceum and the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* at the Olympic, it has obviated the necessity of bringing out a Christmas piece. A domestic drama, likewise written by Mr. Burnand, and entitled *Madame Berliot's Ball*, is, indeed, a successful novelty, produced during the holidays, and pains have been taken to render it effective by means of appropriate scenery and dresses. But as a domestic drama is neither a pantomime nor a burlesque it is obvious that *Ixion* is still regarded as the Christmas attraction.

DRAMATIC ALMANACK.—The *Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund Almanack* of Mr. J. W. Anson, treasurer of the Adelphi, has now reached its eighth year. A student of the past, Mr. Anson is active in promoting the charities of the present, being secretary to the Dramatic College, and also to the Dramatic Equestrian Fund, and his *Almanack* shows him in his two capacities. Almost every day in the year is made the anniversary of some theatrical event, while at the bottom of each page is an index to the meetings of the theatrical charitable societies to be held in the course of 1864. Great historical and dramatic events, the latter preponderating, are likewise gathered under a separate head; and as the first is the foundation of Nineveh, B.C. 2217, while one of the latest is the opening of the Lyceum by Mr. Fechter, we may see that the very mythical and positive periods of the world's annals are most comprehensively combined. Lists of the theatres in London, the provinces, the colonies, and America, and of the musicals throughout Great Britain and Ireland, complete the stock of useful theatrical information.—*Times*.

GREAT SALE OF JEWELS.—On Wednesday, 23rd ult., Messrs. Debenham, Storr and Sons, dispersed by Auction, at their Mart for the Sale of Jewels and other valuables, in Covent Garden, a remarkably choice and extensive collection of Bijouterie, the chief portion belonging to a Lady of fashion. Among the more important lots were the following—Lot 673, a Diamond Collet Necklace, of 62 large and lustrous stones, was knocked down for £426 5s. Lot 679, a very beautiful Opal and Emerald Bracelet, of Grecian design, realized £30 9s. Lot 683, a magnificent Brilliant Tiara, brought £334 19s. Lot 684, a Necklace, of 130 Oriental pearls, with emerald and diamond locket, £36 15s. Lot 687, a colored Gold Band Armlet, set with fine emeralds and brilliants, in case, £35 14s. Lot 694, a pair of Brilliant Star Ear Rings, £74 11s. Lot 695, a Cluster Brilliant Pendant, with ruby centre and pear-shaped pearl drop, £72 9s. Lot 696, a Brilliant Buckle or Brooch, of 9 splendid stones, the centre stone very large; this choice ornament was knocked down, after a spirited competition, at £367 10s. Lot 697, a matchless Brilliant Full Dress Brooch, of beautiful design and workmanship, the centre stone of remarkable size and lustre, surrounded by scrolls of brilliants, with ribbon tie pendant, £630. Lot 698, a Superb Brilliant, weighing 6 carats, of the finest water, set as an ear-ring, £180 12s. Lot 701, a Beautiful set of 3 Solitaires, formed of Cabuchon emeralds, surrounded by diamonds, £49 7s. Lot 703, a magnificent Brilliant and Pearl Ring, £58 16s. Lot 712, an Acorn Pin, formed by a remarkably fine Oriental pearl, in a cup of gold and diamonds, £21. Lot 648, a Brilliant Ring, £47 15s. 6d. Lot 650, a pair of Oriental Pearl Ear Rings, 80 guineas. Lot 665, a Brilliant Heart Necklet, 52 guineas.

MANCHESTER.—Last week at Mr. Hallé's concerts, the London Glee and Madrigal Union (Misses Eyles and J. Wells; Messrs. Land, Baxter, Winn, and W. Cumming) made their appearance. The illustrations of English choral music were of a very pleasing description. The madrigals were the most taking, and those of the real "olden" time the cream of the whole. "Strike it up, neighbour," and "All creatures now are merry minded," have the genuine ring of the ancient metal. Their freshness never fades, their quaintness never wears. "By Celia's Arbor" we mention simply to praise its almost perfect execution. Each of the ladies had a song: Miss Wells, "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer;" Miss Eyles, "The Lady of the Lea." Mr. Hallé's own performances were Mozart's "Coronation Concerto," in D, and Schubert's *Moments Musicaux*. Haydn's symphony, *La Reine de France*, was the most important of the orchestral pieces, but the selection from Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* was the novelty of the evening. The overture to *Zampa* and *Le Lac des Fées* were the other instrumental pieces.

WINDSOR.—On Tuesday night the Royal Glee and Madrigal Union gave their second subscription concert, in the Town Hall, under the patronage of the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Belgian Minister and Madame Van de Weyer, Dean and Canons of Windsor, the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, &c. The first part was devoted to Mendelssohn and other classical writers, the second to a selection of madrigals and part songs, all sung by the "Union." Miss Banks gave an air from *Il Giuramento* (Mercadante), and was encored. Mr. David Lambert sang Schubert's "Wanderer" most effectively, and was also encored, but did not accept the compliment. Miss Banks and Mr. Tolley also gave Mendelssohn's "Zuleika and Hassan." Dr. Elvey, organist at the Royal Chapel of St. George's, Windsor, officiated as conductor and pianist. The usual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* by the Choral Society, which was to take place last Tuesday week, was postponed to the 29th (Tuesday) in deference to the Society's conductor, Dr. Elvey, who had just sustained a melancholy bereavement. The principal singers were Miss Rose Hersee, Messrs. Dyson, and Daniel Lambert. The St. Mark's school-room performance of *Elijah* was postponed for the same reason.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Galer—Miss Fanny Reeves—have commenced a musical and dramatic performance at the Polygraphic Hall, London, consisting of two little operas. The first, entitled *Cousin Kate*, is set to music by Mr. M. Lutz; the second is called *The Haunted Mill*, the music by J. E. Mallandaine; both librettos by J. P. Wooler, author of other dramatic pieces. Several songs and duets are very pleasing, and the whole has been received in a manner the most flattering. On the opening night, the artists were called three times before the curtain at the conclusion of the first piece. We shall further allude to these performances.

THE LATE MR. GODFREY.—The following "Order" has been issued from the Horse Guards: "Coldstream Guards, Regimental Order.—The Commanding Officer is desired by Sir William M. Gomm to express his sense of the loss the regiment has experienced in the decease of Mr. Godfrey. The acknowledged efficiency of the band is in itself a proof of his talents as bandmaster, whilst the esteem and respect which he has earned from all ranks during a period of fifty years' service sufficiently attest his worth as a man and a soldier.—*Regimental Orderly Room, Horse Guards, 18th December, 1863.*"

SEÑOR DON YMBERT, Spaniard, professor not only of pianoforte but flute, gave concert Tuesday three weeks, at Hanover-square Rooms, which was well attended by friends in country interested in his welfare. His pianoforte performances included Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor (*Moonlight*), and two other pieces—one his own—written in more modern style. Señor Ymbert is not wanting in executive attainment, but his playing is not, as exhibition, remarkable. His ability as flautist is about on level with that which he displays as pianist. In *fantasia* on subjects from *Norma* he met with encore. Rest of concert was made up by Middle Parepa, who sang loyal song by Brinley Richards, in honor of Princess Alexandra.—Miss Hirst, Middle. Elvira Behrens, and Signor Montelli, aided by Signor Regondi and Herr Lidel.

BARNUM ON A HOLIDAY.—Yesterday everybody went to some one of the 40 places of amusement in this city. They were all open during the day, as well as at night. The receipts were treble that of any other day in the year, except the 4th July. Barnum clears from 2000 to 3000 dols. every holiday. His attractions yesterday were his three giants, the ghost, and a pair of his married dwarfs. Barnum was smiling. My German barber was there, and told me, "The great swindeleer gibt me do weirth of mein money." "Barnum is not a swindler." "You call him humbug." "Humbug is not a swindler." "We have no word in Germany for humbug but a swindler." "Then you don't translate the word properly. We are most of us humbugs in America, but we are very far from being all swindlers."—*Manhattan*.

MUSIC AT LEIPSIK.

(From our own correspondent).

At the fourth concert of the Euterpe Society the following compositions were performed under the direction of Herr Hans von Bülow:—Symphony in C minor (Haydn); Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major (Beethoven); "Des Sängers Fluch," Orchestral Ballad (H. von Bülow); second Pianoforte Concerto, in A major (Franz Liszt); and the overture to *Ali Baba* (Cherubini). The Ossian Choral Association, under the direction of Herr A. Härtel, gave a concert lately, to which, however, only those persons who had received invitations were admitted. But the number of invitations issued was above a thousand. The vocal compositions comprised Schiller's "Lied der Glocke," set by Romberg; chorusses by F. Becker, R. Franz, M. Hauptmann, A. Härtel; and "Schön Rothtraut," by Schumann, but they were given in a very slovenly manner, not at all creditable to anyone concerned. The "Infant Prodigy," Miss Krebs, played some pianoforte pieces. Altogether the concert was not a success.—The programme of the ninth Gewandhaus concert comprised: Symphony in B flat, major (No. 4), Gade; Violin-concerto in A minor (No. 5), Molique (played by Herr Dreyshock); the "Hebrides," overture, Mendelssohn; and the Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven. The programme of the tenth concert of the series was as follows: D major Symphony, Ph. M. Bach; air from Rossini's *Mitane*, sung by Madlle. Bettelheim, from the Imperial Opera, Vienna; Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, J. S. Bach (played by Herr Carl Reinecke); Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; air, from Handel's *Hercules*, sung by Madlle. Bettelheim; Variations for the Pianoforte, on a theme by J. S. Bach (composed and performed by Herr Carl Reinecke); and songs (with pianoforte accompaniment), sung by Madlle. Bettelheim.—Weber's *Oberon* has been successfully produced with recitative, the words by Her von Meyern-Hohenberg, and the music by Herr Lampert.

TREVISI (Venezia).—Madame Borgognoni and Mr. Walter Bolton have been singing at the theatre here with success. The operas have been *The Barbiere*, the *Ballo in Maschera*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mr. Walter Bolton made most impression in the *Ballo in Maschera*. After the *Romanza* he was recalled four times and obliged to repeat it. Madame Borgognoni was greatly admired in the duet with Mr. Bolton (*Traviata*); both were recalled several times. The management desired to re-engage them for the *Carnival*, but the terms have not yet been settled.

BRUNSWICK.—Herrn Carl Reinecke, Ferdinand David, Louis Lübeck (from Leipzig), and Madlle. Storck, took part in the third Subscription Concert, when the following compositions were performed:—Trio, in C minor, Mendelssohn; air, "Glücklein im Thale," from *Euryanthe*, and song, "Fahr wohl, der Goldene Sonne," Reinecke; Pieces in the popular style for pianoforte and violoncello, Schumann; "Rondo brillant," for pianoforte and violin, Schubert; "Suleika," and "Es weiss und rath es," Mendelssohn; and trio, in B flat, major, Op. 97 Beethoven.

OLDHAM.—Mr. John Lees gave a concert in the Town Hall on the 18th inst., for which he engaged the London Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of the following artists:—Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. W. Cummings, Mr. Land and Mr. Wynn—conductors, Mr. Land and Mr. Lees.

PARMA.—"Mdlle. Henrietta Berini," writes a Parisian journal, "one of the most brilliant sopranos now in Italy, is creating an immense sensation at the Theatre Royal, Parma. The Italian papers are filled with praises of the young artist, who joins to a magnificent voice remarkable talent as a musician."

SIDNEY.—Two French artists, MM. Poussard and Doay, have announced a series of concerts for Chamber Music. They come from New Zealand, and have already given five-and-fifty concerts in Adelaide.

CORUNA.—On the birthday of the Duchess, Herr August Langert's new opera *Des Sängers Fluch*, was performed for the first time. It was successful and has since been repeated.

BRUSSELS.—M. Gounod's opera: *Le Médecin malgré Lui* has been produced, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, with the most unequivocal success.

MILAN.—The new opera of *Aldini*, by Sig. Ricardo Gandolfi, a pupil of Pacini's, was produced with considerable success. The *Huguenots* is announced at the Scala during the Carnival.

VIENNA.—The *Niederheinische Zeitung* announces that the music of Robert Schumann's *Faust* was about to be executed in this city, Herr Jules Stockhausen singing the part of Faust.

BARCELONA.—Madlle. Volpini is engaged at the Grand Lyceum Theatre expressly to play Margaret in M. Gounod's *Faust*.

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